Dollar in the Crannied Pocketbook

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“We were just going to call you, sir,” came the emotionless reply. “Mr. James killed himself a few minutes ago! He left a full confession, witnessed, about some embezzling he had done. Mr. Richard—”

The only answer he received was a dull thud and the clatter of a telephone and its stand.

A La Edgar Guest

By Betty Gaylord

Life, my dear, is what you make it!
You have to grin,
Stick out your chin,
And take it!

Dollar in the Crannied Pocketbook

(Poor Tennyson!!)

By Betty Gaylord

Dollar in my pocketbook,
I pluck you out of the bottom,
I hold you here, eagle and all, in my hand,
Little dollar—but if I could understand
What you are, eagle and all, and all in all,
I would better understand economics.